

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIV. No. 2261

and **BYSTANDER**

London
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Harlip

Miss Patricia Mountbatten: A Member of the W.R.N.S.

The elder daughter of Admiral Lord Louis and Lady Louis Mountbatten, like her father, wears naval uniform. She joined the W.R.N.S. in 1943, and is serving as a signals distribution office watchkeeper at a South Coast naval establishment. Miss Mountbatten, who is twenty this year, has one sister, five years younger. Her father, previously Chief of Combined Operations, was appointed Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia at the Quebec Conference in July, 1943, when it was decided to set up a separate command for conducting operations, based on India and Ceylon, against Japan. Her mother, Lady Louis, recently completed her second year as Superintendent-in-Chief, St. John Ambulance Brigade



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Pause

WE are undoubtedly approaching a vital stage in the war, a period in which anything might or might not happen, as the case may be. As I view the signs which are present for all to study it seems to me that events in the next week or so will decide the question so many people are pondering. Will the war in Europe last until the days of the spring, as Mr. Churchill has warned it might, or can the real resistance of the Germans be broken before Christmas? He would be a very bold man who committed himself to any outright prophesy for, as Miss Ellen Wilkinson said at the Trades Union Congress the other day, quite a lot of money has been lost that way. And, I might add, by people who are in possession of a lot more facts than you and I. All the same, I am on the side of the optimists. I believe that the present pause in the tempo of the war means quite a lot. The great Allied strength is being manoeuvred into position and built up for the final onslaught from the east as well as the west.

Significant

THE visit of the King to the troops in Holland and Belgium, and the presence of Mr. Churchill in Moscow, are both significant indications, in my opinion. Obviously the weather will have a lot of influence on things in the next few weeks. But the year is running out, the campaigning season is narrowing dangerously, and I cannot imagine that the commanders in the field want winter to descend on them before they have struck their deadliest blows. The Germans are fighting for

time more than anything else at this moment. They are trying to spin out time everywhere, in Italy, in Hungary and in the front of their threatened Nazi fortress. Obviously they think that the approach of winter will mean respite for them during which they can reorganize their plans, speed up their inventions and, above all, tire their enemies and possibly divide them.

Offensive

ONE of the men who will eventually convince them that they are wrong in imagining that winter means respite, if the war is not over by then, will be Air Chief Marshal Harris. His new bombing offensive is the greatest of all time. If it means anything, it surely is another indication of the determination of the Allies to waste no time in smashing the Germans. The weight of bombs now being hurled against German cities is staggering. If German organization, not to mention morale, can stand up against the continuance of this programme of aerial attack the Germans must be very strong indeed. That is one of the reasons why I say that the next few weeks will be of vital importance. The latest monster raids over Germany by day and night, by the Royal Air Force and the United States Army Air Forces are no chance affairs resulting merely from the great air power the Allies have been able to assemble. They represent a carefully planned and timed offensive. Not only are the Germans receiving an exceptionally large dose of their own medicine, they are being taught the use of the very weapon by which they expected to win the war. This must

be most galling to Hitler and Goering and Ribbentrop. They relied so much on the menace of their air power in the early days.

Visit

THE fact that the King was able to make the journey to the front lines in Holland and Belgium by air is indicative of the strength of Allied air power. In this connection it is interesting to note that it occasioned none of the surprise that it certainly would have done in days that are not too far distant. The public seemed to accept the King's journey, not only to the front but also by air, as something quite normal. It is the fifth time the King has been to the battle front in this war.

Cordial

MR. CHURCHILL's stay in Moscow appears to have been most cordial in all respects, although we have yet to learn what success attended his eleventh-hour efforts to produce a settlement of the Polish problem. For any



Bassano

To Go to Australia

Major Michael Hawkins, 10th Royal Hussars, recently appointed A.D.C. to the Duke of Gloucester, was previously on Gen. Alexander's staff in Italy. He was wounded in the Libyan campaign, and lost an arm

development in military matters, which it is generally assumed took him to Moscow, we shall have to await the unfolding of events. In this connection I was struck by the comment of a newspaper correspondent who declared in one of his dispatches: "Writing news from Moscow today is like covering the eruption of a volcano from the edge of the crater—a lot is going on around you, but you don't know what and when until it explodes." He complained that there was not a military dispatch in the principal Russian newspapers containing anything newer than the official communiqués, and though Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden were in the capital there was nothing appearing in the newspapers or on the radio about them. All the political groups were maintaining rigid silence, he added. This may be bad for the newspaper trade, but it is certainly typical of the Russians when they are about to produce surprises to the world.

Tribute

IT was an unusual and therefore a remarkable tribute Marshal Stalin paid Sir Archibald Clark Kerr when he accepted an invitation to dine at the British Embassy in Moscow during



A Visitor from Brazil

Gen. Enrico Gaspar Dutra, Brazilian Minister of War, who arrived recently in England, visited a British Airborne Division and watched manoeuvres. With him was Senhor J. J. Moniz de Aragao, Brazilian Ambassador in London



U.S. Marine General Decorated

Lord Halifax presented the Order of the Bath to Lt.-Gen. Alexander A. Vandergrift, U.S. Marine Corps, awarded for his services while commanding the U.S. Forces which drove the Japanese from the British Solomon Islands



His Majesty Meets Montgomery's "Hitler"

During his recent five-day tour of the battle areas in France, Belgium and Holland, the King slept in the caravan Gen. Montgomery captured in Africa, and the General's dog, "Hitler," had the honour of being introduced. The King travelled long distances by road, holding investitures and inspecting Allied soldiers

Mr. Churchill's stay. It says much for the success of Sir Archibald's sojourn as Ambassador in the Russian capital. Marshal Stalin has not dined at any of the embassies before, and his action strikes many people as an augury of future goodwill. It certainly set the seal on Mr. Churchill's visit, and will arouse some speculation as to whether the Prime Minister has taken the opportunity to urge Marshal Stalin to visit London some time in the future.

Warning

GENERAL DE GAULLE's warning to the people of France that they must stand on their own feet and not expect too much from the Allies must have fallen harshly on the ears of many of his admirers in this country. I don't believe for a moment that General de Gaulle actually meant what his words seem to convey. He was

obviously urging the French people to make their greatest effort to throw off the last vestiges of the German yoke and revive France to the fullness of her national glory. In many respects General de Gaulle's speech was statesmanlike and timely. It showed that he has no illusions about the problems which face him as a politician and France as a nation. There are signs that the Allies, conscious of the necessity of assisting France's restoration, are preparing to free her from the military control which has been in operation since D-Day. This will be a wise as well as a welcome step.

Desperate

EVENTS in Hungary show how desperate the Germans have become. They are determined to keep a stranglehold on this unhappy Balkan kingdom as long as they can. It

represents one of the last bastions of Nazi influence in that part of the world, but above that there is the prime consideration of its military importance. The Russians must be held in Hungary at all costs, otherwise the Germans would be sadly exposed. Admiral Horthy knew that his country had reached the very end of its tether, otherwise he would not have made his public appeal for peace terms. The Germans were not caught napping. Their puppet Szalasy, leader of the Arrow Cross, was all too eager to step into Horthy's place. Instead of peace, the Hungarians have now got civil war. They must curse the time that they allowed their country to get into Hitler's grip.

Election

EVEN though polling in the Presidential election is now so near, the wisest of the political observers in the United States are not over-anxious to commit themselves to any forthright prophecy of the result. Most knowledgeable observers are perceptibly veering in favour of President Roosevelt, but they do not feel safe without attaching some reservations. Governor Tom Dewey's stock is said to have slumped somewhat in the last week, but he has proved himself an astute campaigner. One of the slickest electioneering tricks was the report that Governor Dewey intended to invite Mr. Cordell Hull to continue as Secretary of State in charge of America's foreign policy if he were elected. If this means anything, it is an admission that Governor Dewey's advisers recognize that their candidate has failed to convince the electors that he has got a firm foreign policy and the experience to fulfil it. As for Mr. Cordell Hull, there would be no chance of getting him to change his allegiance at his time of life. If President Roosevelt is re-elected, the gossips say that Mr. Hull will soon afterwards ask for his release from the burdens of office. This would be a blow to President Roosevelt, for theirs has been a remarkable partnership. Mr. Cordell Hull's influence in Congress has many times been of the utmost value to the President. But his advancing years do not allow him to carry such a heavy strain which is, and will be, the lot of a Foreign Minister in the days ahead.



A.O.C. 3rd T.A.F.

Air Vice-Marshall Albert Durston was photographed during Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten's tour of inspection of the India area. Air Vice-Marshall Durston was Deputy Director of Operations (Naval Co-operation) in 1938



A Stand-up Lunch for General Giffard

Gen. Sir George Giffard, C.-in-C. an Army Group in South-East Asia, ate his lunch out of doors with Gen. O. L. Roberts, while visiting the forward areas of the Tamu front. He saw Japanese prisoners brought in by British troops, and obtained first-hand information on the situation and the conditions under which our men are fighting

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Wholly Matrimonial

By James Agate

JUST as there are horses for courses so I suggest there ought to be critics for certain kinds of films. I personally have got to the stage, or the age, where I care nothing about the state of young people's affections. Many years ago there was a picture in *Punch* in which Edwin and Angelina are sitting in the Park on a form, at the other end of which is an old gentleman trying to read *The Times*. Whereupon the following conversation takes place: *Angelina*. Darling! *Edwin*. Yes, darling? *Angelina*. Nothing, darling. Only darling, darling! And *Punch* has the acid comment, *Bilious old gentleman feels quite sick*. Another bilious old gentleman sitting at the crowded pre-view of *Marriage Is A Private Affair* (Empire, Friday next) also felt quite sick and very nearly was. However, after an hour or so, this film's billing and cooing came to an end, and the newly-wedded Theo West (Lana Turner) and Lieutenant Tom West (John Hodiak) began to take life seriously.

WHEREUPON the aforesaid bilious old gent proceeded to while away the tedium by trying to see how much he could recollect of two poems which to him epitomize all there is to

Gazing down at their first-born.
Wonder, admiration, rapture,
Incredulity, all were reflected
In his face.
She stole up and said tenderly:
"Tell me your thoughts, dearest?"
He paused a second and said:
"Damned if I can see how
Anyone can make that cot
For three half-crowns
And get a profit."

Similarly the old gent fell a-wondering how Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could make a picture like this for three million half-crowns and get a profit. But he realized that they will. That night he woke up and heard himself address vacancy with the words: "Greenland, Brahms, and You!" And he remembered that this had been a remark addressed by one Miles Lancing, a captain and an old admirer of Theo, to that lady herself. Let me congratulate the direction on an astonishing bit of accuracy—this speech was accompanied by a record of actual Brahms!

AND now let's see what this *Sinfonia Domestica* is all about. The scene is cultivated Boston.



"*Marriage Is A Private Affair*" opens at the Empire, Piccadilly, on Friday next, the 27th. The film concerns itself with the growing pains of a young woman who expects nothing but cocktails, champagne and fun from life. It is fully reviewed by James Agate on this page. Left: Theo (Lana Turner) plays at domesticity with her newly-wed husband, Tom West (John Hodiak). Right: *A year passes* and Theo seeks the more sophisticated fascination of Captain Miles Lancing (James Craig)

be said about marriage. As far as he could remember they are as follows:—

Once upon a time
A demure young bride, her face
A mask of winsome innocence,
Slowly walked down the aisle,
Clinging to the arm of her father.
As she reached the platform
Before the altar her dainty
Foot brushed a flower-pot,
Upsetting it.
She looked at the dirt gravely,
Then raised her child-like
Beautiful eyes to the sedate
Face of the old minister,
And said:—
"That's a damfool place
To put a lily!"

The second is:—

Once upon a time
A young mother watched her man

and every one is very well off, cocktails and champagne being served morning, noon and night, not forgetting tea-time. Theo and Tom West are, I repeat, newly married: Tom is happy and Theo thinks she is. A baby is born, and Theo, who is one of the most abject fools ever seen even on the screen, is rather disappointed because the infant doesn't immediately begin to talk with the fluency of a Joad. The Wests are intimate with another young married couple, Ted and Sissy Mortimer (Herbert Rudley and Frances Gifford), who also appear extremely happy. Then the inevitable squabbles between Theo and Tom begin. Theo flirts with an old flame, the aforesaid Captain Miles Lancing (James Craig) and Tom is furious. In despair Theo runs to the Mortimers for comfort and advice, and finds Sissy in the arms of one Joe Murdock (Hugh Marlowe) who is Tom's partner and a

drunkard. The plot thickens. Joe throws Sissy over and becomes engaged to a nice young girl from Vermont, one Mary Saunders (Shirley Patterson). The distracted Theo visits the captain at five o'clock in the morning, but, this being an American film of ultimate pudicity nothing happens except the Brahms recital referred to above. (Perhaps Greenland's mountains have been too icy?) Then Theo invites the Mortimers to dinner, while Tom, who knows nothing of the Joe-Sissy affair, invites the newly-married couple. This leads to the best scene in the film in which Sissy, drunk and mad with jealousy, gives the whole show away. The nice girl takes herself off. Then Tom elicits from Theo that she has been to see Miles the night before. They quarrel. They part. They seek divorce. They long for each other. They telephone. They make it up. They interrupt the war in the Pacific to make it up. And the baby, now arrived at the mature age of one, utters his first four words which sounded to me like "When's the next row?"

I KNOW this all seems fearful nonsense, and most of it is. But underlying the superficialities the screen dramatists—or is it Judith Kelly who wrote the novel on which the film is based?—have tried to make Theo into some semblance of a possible person, feather-brained, silly, vain, useless, but good at core. Many years ago two gifted French dramatists, one Meilhac and one Halévy, wrote a play about a similar kind of girl and called that play *Frou-Frou*. And in it *Frou-Frou* runs off with her lover and we hear of things nearer to their hearts than symphonies by Brahms. And then she comes back, and finally dies of consumption on a Louis Quinze sofa, attended by her remorseful husband. The part was moving because it was played by Sarah Bernhardt who was a moving actress, and we were all in tears. No one could shed a tear over Theo West, who, had she really gone off the rails with the captain and been deserted by him, would not have died on any kind of sofa but would have comforted herself by discovering a new hair-dye, something of a lemon-tangerine-pomegranate hue: it being well known that Lana's hair, time-and-custom defying in its infinite variety of shape, form, build, length, breadth, and, some say, colour, is the chief *raison d'être* for this housemaid's idol ever appearing on the screen at all.

IN a sense it is a pity that Lana was entrusted with a part of which a better actress might have made something. Claudette Colbert, for instance, with her vim and her vivacity. But Lana has neither; she always seems half asleep. She has a certain breeding, rare among American film actresses; but her face, from a dramatic point of view, is about as interesting as a Bath bun. And then the idiotic hats with which she crowned it! The other parts are adequately, and two excellently, played. Frances Gifford's Sissy is a real living performance, and that admirable actress Natalie Schafer, as Theo's much-married mother, runs away with the show every time she takes the screen. The film lasts two solid hours. It is too long. Which is destructive criticism. Constructively I advise Lana to choose for her next film an adaptation of *Hedda Gabler* in which she will play not Theo but Thea, whom Hedda hated on account of her "irritating hair." Gosh, how sick I got of that nauseating quiff, bang, billow, pillow, or whatever it is called, the colour of brass door-knobs! I left the theatre murmuring:—

With such hair, too. What's the use of all that gold
Topped with hyacinths and pancakes? I feel
chilly and grown old.



The lovers (Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker) are dead by their own hand. They have taken their lives because the husband, a refugee Nazi musician, has been refused an exit permit for America

"Between Two Worlds"

A New Version of Sutton Vane's
"Outward Bound"



Other passengers are a millionaire arms king (George Coulouris) and an actress (Faye Emerson)

● *Between Two Worlds* opens at the Warner Theatre on Friday. It is a new version of Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound*, directed by Edward A. Blatt. The original production aroused great controversy and may indeed do so again but an "all-clear" certificate has been granted by the Censor and the film certainly provides food for thought. It is based on Sutton Vane's idea of what happens after death, of the preliminary journey across the waters which divide the quick and the dead, and of the final judgment. According to Vane, death may mean new opportunities in happier surroundings for some, a fresh start with a chance of redemption the hard way for others, Heaven or even hell according to individual deserts



The lovers find themselves aboard a mysterious ship in which the other passengers are all dead though they do not know it. They meet a brilliant foreign correspondent ruined by drink (John Garfield) and a mysterious steward (Edmund Gwenn)



It is the reporter (John Garfield) who, having overheard the lovers talk, tells his fellow passengers that they are all dead. He tells them that when the ship reaches port, the Examiner will come aboard and they will have to answer for their earthly sins. With varying feelings they await judgment



The actress meets the Examiner. She has lost her garish background and the Examiner tells her there is hope for her (Sydney Greenstreet, Faye Emerson)



Ann, fearing that even in death she may be parted from her husband Henry, is reassured by the steward, Scrubby (Eleanor Parker, Edmund Gwenn)

The Theatre

"The Circle" (Haymarket)

By Horace Horsnell

FIRST-RATE repertory is now the rage, and Mr. Gielgud's season at the Haymarket gives the theatre yet another brilliant fillip. It opened auspiciously with *The Circle*, popularly regarded as Somerset Maugham's best comedy; and only those diehard dissenters, who deny virtue to most revivals of their old favourites, should carp at this one.

The contriving of such a repertory presents practical difficulties. Authors, ancient and modern, are more readily enlisted than the perfect team of actors to play them.

The first three plays chosen by Mr. Gielgud—*The Circle*, *Love For Love*, and *Hamlet*—could hardly be more different in style and quality, or make more exacting demands on a repertory team. Their casting entails inevitable compromises. The stars have to temper their magnitude at times, the brighter to shine at others. Mr. Gielgud, for instance, who plays the hero in Congreve, and is so notable a Hamlet, brings his arts and graces to bear on what is relatively a minor character in *The Circle*.

This thirty-year-old comedy is not only very workmanlike, but it fulfils a prime condition of true comedy by having both heart and head. Although it is artificial in style, it does not waste its substance in riotous epigram. Its wit is steadied by aphorism, and a tincture of cynicism gives its sentiment a tang. Above all, it provides first-rate acting parts, though the exigencies of war and repertory may not permit them all to be played with comparable brilliance.

The Circle has at least two things in common with *Love For Love*: it is written with style, and its theme includes one of the oldest unregistered sports—cuckoldry. This, however, is treated by Mr. Maugham with Edwardian liberty, rather than with Carolean licence, and from it he points a moral to adorn

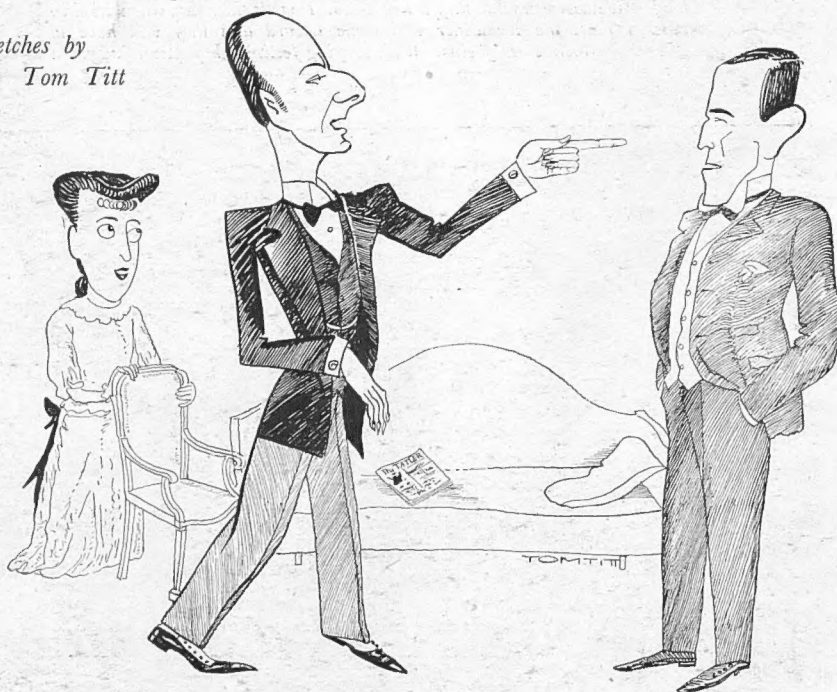
his tale. His two deceived husbands are father and son; the father being a life-seasoned cynic, the son an unhumorous dilettante of the fine arts and the crafts of politics, to whom wifely desertion is not merely a first, but a shattering experience. The two defaulting wives are also deep contrasts in character.

The tragi-comic results of the original elopement, which happened years before the curtain rises, serve to romanticize the prospects of the second, which signals the curtain's fall.



Husband, lover and Lady Kitty: Clive Champion-Cheney gleefully watches the squabbling of Lord Porteous and his mistress, Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney (Clive's ex-wife) who have been living together for thirty years or more (Cecil Truncer, Leslie Banks, Yvonne Arnaud)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Wife, husband and would-be lover: Elizabeth Champion-Cheney stands by while her husband, Arnold, denounces his guest, Edward Luton, for taking advantage of his hospitality and making love to his wife (Rosalie Crutchley, John Gielgud, Patrick Crean)

Thus Lady Kitty, who has had her cake, but pretends to go on eating it, is a kind of foil and a moral example to Elizabeth, her daughter-in-law, who has all that experience to come.

Such a comedy has a divided duty—to life and to the theatre. This Mr. Maugham performs with great skill and technical devotion. Repertorial casting and youthful inexperience may diminish some of the characters, though not that of Lady Kitty who, as played by Miss Yvonne Arnaud, is this revival's bright particular star, and rules the night in full, not to say riotous, splendour.

Sticklers for heraldic niceties might possibly be puzzled to know how Lady Kitty's father, presumably an English peer, contrived to have so indubitably French a daughter. But no one else would consider Miss Arnaud's speech and vivacity as even suggesting blots on the paternal scutcheon.

The performance of this adorable comedienne

is as good as clever. She takes the scene full sail, with her streamers flying; breasts the seas with the buoyancy of a galleon piloted by a master mariner; is as quick on the helm as a regatta favourite, and rounds the buoys with the cleanness of a whistle.

MR. GIELGUD's drypoint of her long-abandoned son, whose political, æsthetic, and connubial calculations are doomed not to balance, is meticulous in poise and finish; and as Lady Kitty's tarnished old Romeo—whose Juliet has become a superbly overblown rose that, in years of dubious exile, has wasted its sweetness on the social desert air—Mr. Leslie Banks completes a trinity of admirable performances.

Mr. Cecil Truncer's roguish eye, incisive bark, and firm stance seemed to me rather less happily employed on the complacent old hedonist whom Lady Kitty deserted, than on his other repertory roles. The young couple, too, were less than comfortably circumstanced, I thought; though Miss Rosalie Crutchley stood up handsomely to Elizabeth, and Mr. Patrick Crean did not quail before the romantic young realist who persuaded her that, despite the awful example of Lady Kitty, unfettered love in the wide open spaces was infinitely preferable to marital confinement in her gilded Dorset cage.

Home, Sweet Home

"Three's a Family"—
Farcical Comedy Plus a
Few Home Truths—at
the Saville

● *Three's a Family* has come to us from two American writers, Phoebe and Henry Ephron. The story concerns the domestic problems of a growing family when they all decide to come home to the parental flat at the same time, bringing their offspring with them. The play is presented by Jack Waller and produced by Peter Dearing



David, son-in-law of parents Sam and Frances, arrives at the family apartment with presents for his wife and baby. He is greeted by mother-in-law Frances (Harry Geldard, Netta Westcott)

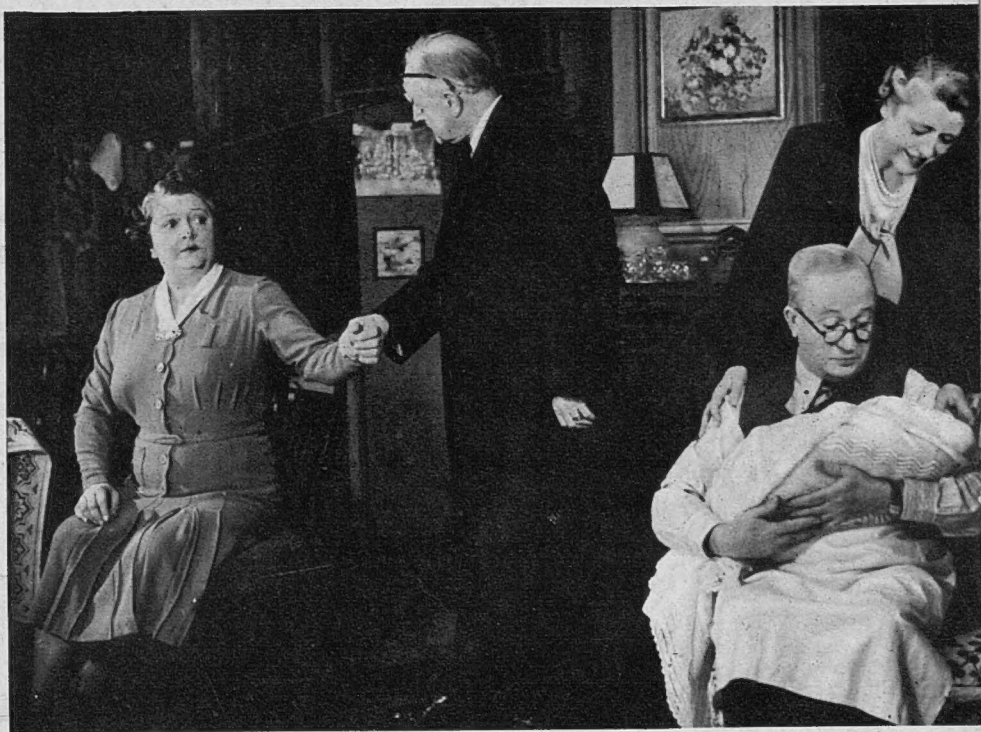


Right: Adelaide, hitherto an excellent maid, resents the baby's washing (Margery Caldicott, Morland Graham, Netta Westcott, Joy Shelton)

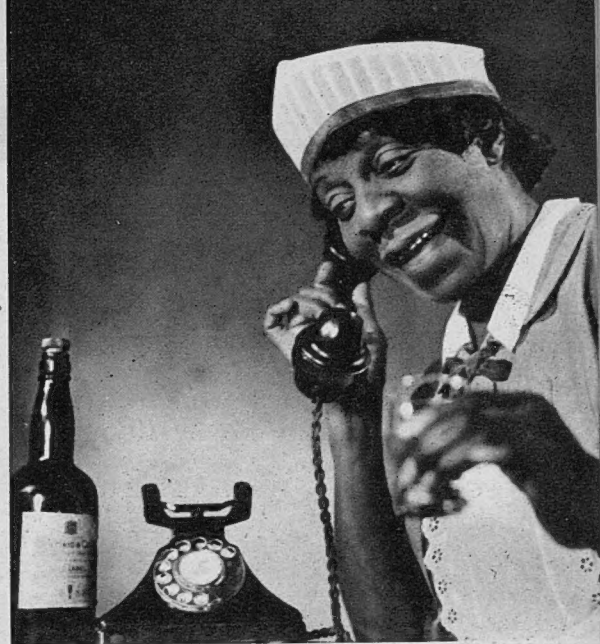
"Here are the Nappies, Adelaide"



Into the already overcrowded flat come son Archie and daughter-in-law Hazel. Hazel is about to have a baby, and in fact decides to produce it in the family home (Jonathan Field, Eileen Dale)



The absent-minded family doctor (Aubrey Mallalieu), a little overwrought with the exertions of bringing Hazel's baby into the world, turns to maiden aunt Irma (Vera Pearce): "Now, Madam, you're next," he says. On the right are Sam and Frances with their new grandchild



Connie, the coloured maid who follows Adelaide, enjoys "a wee drap" (Connie Smith)



Mother and Daughter in the Country

Swaebe

Above is Lady Rosemary Nutting, daughter-in-law of Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., with her small daughter. She was married in 1939, and her husband, Capt. Edward Christian Nutting, Royal Horse Guards, was killed in 1943. Lady Rosemary is the daughter of the sixth Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Douglas



Gardening Enthusiasts

K. W. Smith

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Irons work hard in their vegetable garden at their home at Tilford, Surrey. Mrs. Irons, who is Lord Colwyn's eldest daughter, spends most of her time at the Berkeley Square headquarters of the R.A.F. Comforts Committee

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The King in the Battle Areas

AFTER a five-day tour of the battle areas in France and Belgium, the King returned to England in a Hunt-class destroyer escorted by two sister Hunt destroyers. He was accompanied by Sir Alan Lascelles and Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh.

Wearing battle-dress for the first time, the King travelled many hundreds of miles while on his tour of the battlefronts. He visited commanders and troops of the British, Canadian and American Armies in the field in Holland and Belgium, holding Investitures, talking to Allied soldiers, and sleeping at night in the caravan captured by Field-Marshal Montgomery in Africa.

The King flew from England in a Dakota, but returned by sea, as the weather made a return by air impossible.

Princess Alexandra a Bridesmaid

MISS GEORGINA WERNHER's wedding to Lt.-Col. H. P. Phillips, Coldstream Guards, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was quite one of the most beautiful that have taken place in that famous church. Beautiful in its simplicity and quiet dignity.

The bride, who is the elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, looked lovely in a dress of ivory satin with a very long tulle veil which fell from a narrow band of real orange-blossom. There were only two bridesmaids, little Princess Alexandra, making her first appearance in this role, and the bride's sister, Miss Myra Wernher. Princess Alexandra, who carried the bride's train and performed all her duties as bridesmaid with great dignity, looked sweet in her long, white net frock with puff sleeves, and a little Juliet cap on her head. Miss Myra Wernher, who is dark and slim like her sister, wore a long, shell-pink satin frock, and a pink Juliet cap to match. This frock, which was quite lovely, had been made out of the bride's "coming-out" frock—a sensible and successful wartime economy.

Huge vases of large "mop-head" chrysanthemums, in shades of old rose and white, decorated the church, a portion of which had been specially reserved for employees from

Sir Harold's Leicestershire home, and people who have worked for Lady Zia in the Red Cross.

King George of Greece, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Dmitri of Russia, and Prince Bertil of Sweden (all cousins of Lady Zia Wernher's) came to the wedding, and Lady Ludlow was there to see her granddaughter married.



Annette Pamela Worsley-Taylor is Christened in Hampshire

Swaebe

The daughter of Capt. Sir John and Lady Worsley-Taylor was christened at Odiham Parish Church. In this group, with the baby and her parents, are Lord and Lady Newtown-Butler, Mrs. J. O. Paget (mother of Lady Worsley-Taylor), Mr. J. Lascelles, Miss Elspeth Stirling, Mrs. Needham, Mrs. George Merrick and Mrs. A. D. Stoop

Wedding Guests

THERE were many guests present in Red Cross uniform. This is not surprising, as Lady Zia and both her daughters have devoted much of their time to the Red Cross and St. John during the war. The bride worked for three years as a V.A.D. at the Langton Hall Convalescent Home, where her mother was Commandant, and for the last six months she and her great friend Miss Diana Ward have been working as welfare liaison officers for the Red Cross in the Islington district. Lady Zia's younger daughter is a probationer at the Market Harborough hospital, where she will have completed two years in February.

Lady Irene Haig came in V.A.D. uniform with the Marchioness of Huntly and the Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry. Lady Joan and Lady Doreen Hope, both great friends of the

(Continued on page 106)



Lady Patricia Ramsay, daughter of the first Duke of Connaught, was one of the many distinguished guests at the wedding

A Big Wedding at St. Margaret's And a Royal Bridesmaid



The marriage of Col. H. P. Phillips, Coldstream Guards, second son of Col. and Mrs. Harold Phillips, and Miss Georgina Wernher, elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Amongst the guests were the King of the Hellenes, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Dmitri of Russia and Prince Bertil of Sweden



Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, was a bridesmaid and wore a white net frock, while Miss Myra Wernher (sister of the bride) was the other bridesmaid, dressed in shell-pink satin



The Duchess of Kent was there to see her daughter fulfil her duties as a bridesmaid



Sir Harold Wernher, who gave his daughter away, and his wife, Lady Zia Wernher, left the church together after the ceremony



Brains Trust, Old and New Swaebe

Mr. James Bridie, who has created a new version of the Brains Trust in his new play, "It Depends What You Mean," is seen here at the first night at the Westminster Theatre with Professor Joad, B.B.C. Brains-Truster



Table for Two

Lady Lovat, whose husband, Brig. Lord Lovat, was wounded shortly after "D" Day, was dining one night with Mr. Peter Stirling. They began with oysters

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

bride, were together, unfortunately without their mother, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, who was prevented from coming at the last moment as she had fallen and chipped her ankle-bone.

Lady Hopetoun, who is married to Lord and Lady Linlithgow's son and heir, was with the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt; Lady Andrew Cavenish, in a velvet bonnet trimmed with mink and a mink coat, was with Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles and her sister, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon; Lord and Lady Cromwell brought their daughter, Phillipa; Mary Countess Howe was with the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, whose husband was one of the ushers. Other ushers were Lord Knollys, the Hon. Richard Stanley, the Hon. William Astor, M.P., Mr. Robert Grimston, M.P., the Assistant P.M.G., Col. Gillilan and Mr. Hugh Astor.

Sir Harold and Lady Wernher held the reception at the Dorchester, which has been their London home for a long time, since their own house was wrecked by a land-mine in the early days of the first blitz. Both bride and bridegroom are very keen racing enthusiasts, and Lady Zia's present to her daughter was 'Aquatic, a beautifully-bred mare by Pharos, and to the bridegroom, Aquatic's colt foal by Precipitation, so there is hope that one day we shall see Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Phillips's colours first past the post.

Fair and Gift Sale

A Grand Fair and Gift Sale is to be opened by Mme. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese Ambassador, at 12 noon at the Hyde Park Hotel on Saturday, October 28th, in support of Lady Cripps's United Aid to China Fund. It is being organised by a special committee under the chairmanship of the Hon. Lady Egerton, sister to Sir Stafford Cripps, with Lady Dalrymple-Champneys as Deputy Chairman. Canada, Australia and New Zealand are each having a special stall, which will be in charge of the wives of their respective High Commissioners. Violet Marchioness of Donegall, with Lady Lever, Lady Dashwood and Lady Brinkman, will all be among the helpers at Canada's stall. America is also having a stall, of which Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. Washington Singer, Mrs. Straker and Mrs. Stuart Vogt will have charge. In the Games Room the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady O'Neill will be helping the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps. Lady Tweedsmuir will preside at a special Scottish stall full of tartan gifts, sent from all parts of Scotland.

The occasion should be a grand opportunity to procure Christmas gifts, many of them unique, especially those on the Chinese stall, which will be in charge of Mme. Phang. There



Fayer

A Bride of Last Week

The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell was married on October 20th. to Lt. H. Harrison Proctor, U.S.N.R. Her former husband, Capt. the Hon. Somerset Maxwell, M.P., Lord Farnham's only son, died of wounds in 1942

are to be plenty of other attractions, including a cabaret with Gerry Wilmot as Master of Ceremonies; Hella Toros (soprano), Ivery Gitlis (violinist), and Sgt. Ted Hockridge, of the Royal Canadian Air Force (baritone), together with Paul Adam and his Mayfair Music for dancing.

Out and About

AROUND the town lately I met the Marchioness of Cambridge, who was looking smart in blue, and having a lunchtime cocktail with Mr. "Lobby" Villars; in the same restaurant I saw Mrs. Mark Roddick, the tall, good-looking wife of Brig. Mark Roddick, who in pre-war days always produced a "good 'un" to win a race at the Grand Military meeting at Sandown. Out in the autumn sunshine Miss Beatrice Lillie strolled along in a fur coat, with a jaunty little brown fez on her neat head; Mr. Rex Harrison hurried into his hairdresser's; and Mr. Vic Oliver stood hailing the ever-elusive taxi in Bond Street.

Walking in Bond Street was Mrs. Critchley, wife of Brig. A. C. Critchley, Director of British Overseas Airways Corporation, who has recently been in West Africa staying with Lord Swinton, the newly-appointed Minister for Civil Aviation,

(Concluded on page 120)



Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quinn is a popular dinner companion, and this time her host was Mr. Peter Towers-Clark, Coldstream Guards



Three Snapshots Taken in a London Restaurant

Lady Dashwood and her son, Francis, were having a cheerful dinner together. She is the wife of Sir John Dashwood, of West Wycombe Park



Lt.-Cdr. Lord Bridport, after five years at sea, was celebrating his return to England by dining out with Lady Cranley, wife of the Earl of Onslow's heir

Photographs at Bagatelle by Swaebe

Photographs by Joan Muspratt, Swanage



Sir Ernest and Lady Scott's House-Party at Encombe

This group shows the host and hostess and their guests: Lord and Lady Hinchingsbrooke with their children, Sarah, Anne and John; Mrs. Charles Turle and her sons, Arish and Gillies; and Mrs. Parlett with her little boy, Michael. Others in the picture are one-time evacuees who return to Encombe to spend the holidays



Anna and Margaret Scott

Happy Days in Dorset

● The Hon. Sir Ernest and Lady Scott were entertaining a houseful of young people and their parents at Encombe, their home near Wareham, Dorset, when these pictures were taken. Viscount and Viscountess Hinchingsbrooke and their three children were spending the holidays there, while Mrs. Charles Turle, wife of the Admiral, with her two boys, and Mrs. Parlett, daughter-in-law of Sir Harold Parlett, and her small boy, helped to swell the house-party



The Hon. Lady Scott and Margaret



John Montague, Lord and Lady Hinchingsbrooke's only son, is eighteen months old, and a platinum blond



Lord Hinchingsbrooke, M.P., and Lady Hinchingsbrooke take their children for a row on the lake at Encombe

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

EVIL smiles must have creased 10,000 cynical pans at the Min. of Agriculture on hearing that defiant bellow from Berwick, where a lusty rustic (Ind.) candidate for Parliament has sworn that if elected he will free British farmers from their nightly burden of form-filling. In Whitehall they know better.

If bureaucratic insolence ever gave way to fright the Ministry boys would naturally hasten to smooth the insurgent Hick Belt down by assuring all hayseeds that intensive form-filling is 100 per cent. healthier than any other nocturnal rustic pastime. We've drafted a provisional leaflet (MA/RP/18972F/17/G44) for Shropshire, by far the most difficult rural area, as every Housman fan knows. It is naturally in verse:

Lads home at eve from labour
Once got the Shropshire Hump,
Dick would carve up his neighbour,
And Fred would tie and jump:
It was a frightful dump.

But now the Bredon grasses
No more with blood are bright,
No Ludlow lads make passes
At girls who spurn and smite:
They fill in forms all night.

On Wenlock Edge no local
Eviscerates his foe,
With joy the dawn is vocal,
The forms fall thick as snow;
Lads laugh like billy-ho.

In Shrewsbury Gaol the gallows
With cobwebs droop and sag,
No corpses strew the fallows,
Shropshire is in the bag—
Thanks to the Min. of Ag.

For Wessex we'd naturally use the verse-style of Thos. ("Misery") Hardy, pointing out to the unhappy locals that Blind Overbeetling Fate had come to an agreement with the Ministry boys not to kick Wessex farmers in the pants so long as there were plenty of new, delightful forms available every night. And so on.

Clubability

ROME's most exclusive club, the Circolo della Caccia, has received police permission to reopen, but its gambling-licence is suspended. One wonders what the members of the Circolo will do now, morosely contemplating the Campagna.

Continental Clubland exists almost solely for baccarat, "shimmy," and other games at high stakes, and no nonsense. What West End Clubland exists for we wouldn't know. Furtive exchanges of opinion about the weather, in our experience; drugged, uneasy siestas in the library; panic tiptoe flights; stealthy cursings at the increasing entry of yahoos and poltroons

and the crimes of the Wine Committee; long hidings behind newspapers. Many West End clubmen find this régime of fear and rage a burden and rush into home life—even modern home life—with a cry of joy. Others dive quickly past the club entrance, muffling their heads in their overcoats. Others go and live in the Lake District.

Footnote

IN very exclusive Parisian clubs like the Jockey Club they have one more feverish pleasure, namely blackballing. In London it's a mild, sidelong rather apologetic ceremony. In Paris they bang the black balls into the urn with ferocious gestures and flourish a handkerchief and wipe an imaginary rapier-blade. *Paf!* Remove this trash, valetaille! White-gloved powdered flunkies fling an imaginary body into the street and honour is satisfied.



"And here is to-night's war report"

Banker

DURING the recent trial of the Governor of the Bank of Italy one of the special correspondent boys in court described him as trim, calm, iron-grey, natty, and "looking like any bank manager anywhere." As if bank managers were all alike, apart from the way they clear their throats and move their Parker pens an inch to the right before saying "No."

In one of his nicest bits of early prose Barrie, relating how he opened his first account at Barclay's in Pall Mall East, made the same mistake, owing to nerves:

Bankers are of medium height, slightly but firmly built, 40 or 41 years of age, and stand in an easy attitude, with nothing to suggest their vocation except that they keep their hands in their trouser-pockets. They have pleasant voices, but you do not catch what they say (etc., etc.).

Any Old Barclayan like us can pick holes in this, apart from the absurd generalisations. Barrie was too terrified apparently to notice or remember the old-world courtesies with which Mother Barclay invariably puts one at one's ease: the traditional seed-cake and East India sherry on a silver salver in the oak parlour, for example; the ritual pinch of Prince's Mixture from the tortoiseshell box (a gift from the Regent); the genial inquiries after one's people; the easy opening conversation on the weather, the Opera, the Row, Almack's, and the new quadrille.

Meditation

OTHER banks, other courtesies. Mr. Coutts, for instance, is said to hurry out bareheaded in his pumps with a carriage-umbrella for you if it rains.

(Concluded on page 110)



"Waal, it's been mighty fine knowin' youse guys; I've gotten quite a kick showin' you over the joint!"



Dr. Grantley, Archdeacon of Barchester (Milton Rosmer), threatens to disinherit his son, Major Henry Grantley (Dennis Price) if the latter persists in paying court to Mr. Crawley's daughter, Grace. On the left is Mrs. Grantley (Joan Henley)



Mr. Crawley is accused of appropriating the church funds. Goaded beyond endurance, he finally turns on Mrs. Proudie, the Bishop's wife (Walter Piers, Winifred Oughton, Felix Aylmer)

Trollope in the Theatre

Mr. Crawley, Archdeacon Grantley and Mrs. Proudie at the Lyric

● *Scandal at Barchester* has been adapted by Vera Wheatley from one of Anthony Trollope's early works, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, which was first published in 1867. In it we meet again three well-known figures of fiction—Mr. Crawley, Archdeacon Grantley and Mrs. Proudie. The play is produced by Geoffrey Staines with the blessing of Una Plays Ltd., in association with C.E.M.A.



Mr. Crawley tells his wife and family of his unfortunate interview with the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie. The whole world seems against him. (Audrey Hesketh, Dorothy Hyson, Felix Aylmer, Olga Lindo)



Mr. Crawley is comforted by his elder daughter, Grace, who tells her father that his innocence is certain to be proved in the pending police-court proceedings. (Dorothy Hyson, Felix Aylmer)



Grace's belief in her father is justified. Mr. Crawley is absolved from all guilt and congratulated by his London attorney, Mr. Toogood, in the hearing of Dr. Grantley (Felix Aylmer, Antony Holles, Milton Rosmer)

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Mr. Cox puts you at your ease by imitating the cry of your regimental mascot; in our case, a Welch he-goat. At the Westminster they shower gilt cardboard sovereigns over you, crying "Salve!" At the Midland a typical warm-hearted Midland welcome awaits you, including meat-tea and a staff clog-dance. No two banks are alike, still less any two bank managers.

Panic

ALLEGING that the recent odious scuffle with some of Auntie *Times's* toughs over the beardless unicorn in Princess Elizabeth's new arms was the most embarrassing moment Heralds' College has encountered since the Black Prince was a boy, a chap surely forgot that terrible day in the 1900's when Mr. Asquith, in order to shove some Bill or other through the Upper House, threatened to create about 600 new peers bang off.

Six hundred brand-new noblemen at once, some pretty frightful and all clamouring for crests—we bet there was panic in Queen Victoria Street. There are only 13 officials—3 Kings of Arms, 6 Heralds, and 4 Pursuivants, vested not in flowery gold tabards but neat striped pants and bowler hats, like chartered accountants and working, under some strain, midway between the *Times* and the Bank of England—and the job would have been appalling. In the Middle Ages the College could squeeze some fun out of "punning heraldry" (*heraldia cantans*), but with 75 per cent. of Mr. Asquith's promised entry the names were as dull as the faces, which were Liberal and resembled Lord Heygate's in Mr. Belloc's poem:

Lord Heygate had a troubled face,
His furniture was commonplace—
The kind of Peer who well might pass
For someone of the Middle Class . . .

However, it blew over; thereby, we dare guess, saving some apoplectic politician from that armorial device Heralds' College must be longing to unload on some dubious new creation: *sable, a cricketbat displayed and crookedly, degradant—perverty, argent.*

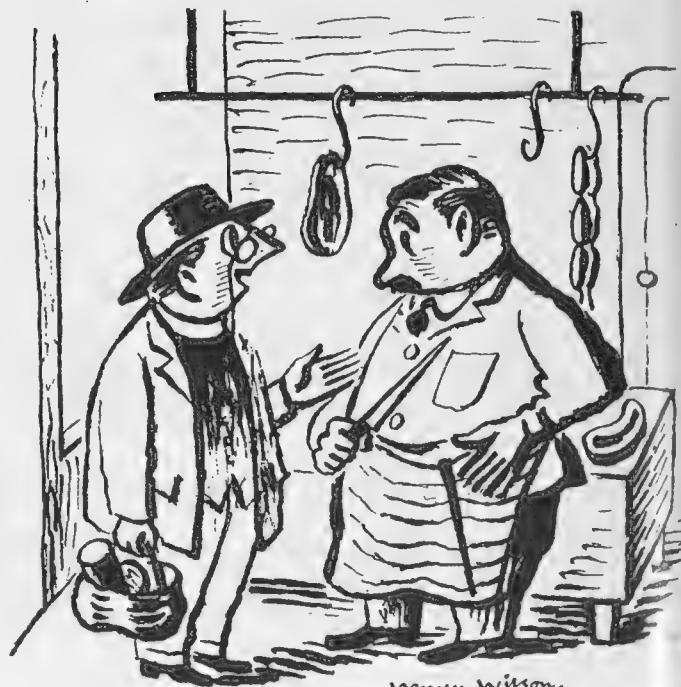
Flop

MUTINY with murder and piracy on the high seas, as a thinker recently observed, is dead as a big-time racket and abolished for ever by radio. But he erred damnably in saying it actually went out with buckled shoes and tarry pig-tails. It lingered well into the whisker-and-trousers age.

Probably the last exercise in the classic manner of the 1600's and 1700's, so far as we can find out, occurred in the 1800's. It ran fairly true to *Treasure Island* form—gold cargo, wicked mate, vile cook, murdered captain, virtuous cabin-boy turning King's

evidence—but the mutineers fluffed the *dénouement* badly by running their ship ashore off the Hebrides, landing with the loot, and not knowing what the devil to do next. While they twiddled their fingers blankly on the beach like a pack of fools the cabin-boy ran away inland and raised the countryside. The mate, who had hitherto pranced around like a cross between Long John Silver and Captain Hook, ran bemusedly after him, got caught himself, and was duly hanged with the cook on the highwater mark at Leith. Any pirate of the Golden Age (William and Mary to George II) would have handled everything more efficiently, we guess; especially that cabin-boy. The rot probably set in with trousers; or more accurately, trowers.

Costume and crime—some criminologist ought to examine the apparent relation between them. For instance, why were so few ladies murdered by lovers of beauty during the Bustle Period?



Mervyn Wilson.

"My wife said you might be able to work a miracle"

Thug

A CHAP mumbling about the "unsolved mystery" of *Edwin Drood* made us wonder mildly—as in the case of chaps who still mumble about the "unsolved mystery" of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*—why chaps don't get round a bit and meet more people.

The mystery of Dickens's unfinished last novel, which, if you remember, is evidently about a murder in a cathedral town, was efficiently cleared up quite recently by an American sleuth who looked up the files and discovered that in the 1860's the *Island Race* was greatly perturbed about the activities of a Hindu sect called the Thugs, said to have branches in England. The Thugs, who were dope-addicts, strangled their victims with a black scarf in honour of the goddess Kali.

Dickens intended John Jasper, hypnotist and dope-and-black-scarf-addict, to be a Thug, apparently, one point among many being his obsession with rooks, from which feathered chumps the Thugs, by observing their flight, judged whether it was a good night for a murder.

Cry

WE often wonder, tossing on a feverish pillow, if these things interest you. Do you like Thugs, apart from those in the City? Yes? No? Been to any good shows lately? Really? Write and tell us all about it. Your letters are everything to us. Tell Emily the description of the bazaar was eaten by a noisy bitch from Aberdeen. Love to all at The Pines.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I used to sit at his table in the dining saloon and he always had three helpings of everything"

To Marry in November

Miss Nancy Parish, Great-Granddaughter of
Mr. Gladstone, and Her Fiancé



Mr. John S. Paget

The engagement of Mr. John S. Paget and Miss Nancy Parish was announced in August, and their wedding is to take place on November 11th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Parish is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Francis W. Parish, D.S.O., M.C., The King's Royal Rifle Corps, and of Mrs. Parish, of Greenham Barton, Taunton. She is a great-granddaughter of the late Mr. William Gladstone, and her mother, formerly Miss Dorothy Drew, was the great man's favourite granddaughter and companion. Mr. Paget is the only son of Sir Richard Paget, Bt., and of the late Lady Muriel Paget

Photographs by
Yvonne Gregory



Miss Nancy Parish



Walking Out the Children, George, Sarah and Guy

Governor-Designate of South Australia

Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie with His
Family in Gloucestershire



Farm Buildings at Upton



Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C.



Most of the Cows at Upton are Shorthorns



The Boys Ride in the Trailer Going to the Farm



Family Party on the Lawn



Beside the Lily Pool



With Mineola, Bred at the National Stud

● In August it was announced that Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie would succeed Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey as Governor of South Australia, and he received the K.C.M.G. on his appointment. The new Governor has never been to Australia, but during the war, as Commander of the XXX. Armoured Corps, divisions of which fought in the Western Desert, he got to know and to develop a great respect for the Australian soldier. Sir Willoughby served in the last war in the 11th Hussars, was wounded four times and was awarded the D.S.O. and the M.C. and Bar. In 1939, he married as his second wife Miss Patricia Bainbridge, and they have two children, while he also has a son and a daughter by his first marriage. These pictures were taken at Upton Grove, the Norries' charming home near Tetbury



Sir Willoughby Discusses Farm Affairs



George Helps to Feed the Geese

Famous Aces of the R.A.F.



W/Cdr. Colin Falkland Gray, D.S.O., D.F.C. and two Bars, now commanding a Spitfire wing, is a New Zealander from Christchurch. Commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1939, he fought in the Battle of Britain and has seen service in North Africa, Malta and in Sicily, where he led a wing of Australians, New Zealanders and Englishmen in the greatest air victory of the campaign



G/Capt. Peter Russell Walker, D.S.O., D.F.C., from Woodbridge, Suffolk, joined the R.A.F. as a regular before the war, and took part in flying displays by Air Force teams at home and abroad. A great fighter and a Battle of Britain pilot, he is reputed to have shot down the first Me. of the war sent by the Germans over France



W/Cdr. John D. Braham, D.S.O. and two Bars, D.F.C. and two Bars, reported missing in June, is now known to be a prisoner in Germany. He has shot down at least twenty-nine German aircraft, including nineteen at night. Last February Braham was transferred to staff duties, but was allowed one operation a week at his own request. He baled out over Denmark when his Mosquito caught fire



W/Cdr. Guy Penrose Gibson, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, "Gibbie" to his friends, and "Dam-Buster" to the public, is one of the most decorated men of the war. A Battle of Britain ace, he has flown many types of aircraft on operations, and one of his most famous feats was the bombing of the Mohne and Eder dams, which won for him the Victoria Cross

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Congratulations

A LITTLE belated, owing to circumstances beyond control, but none the less sincere, as I hope the noble owner of Ocean Swell will know! Lord Rosebery is not merely a great pillar of the contemporary turf, a trite description which, ere now, has been annexed to many who may, or may not, have deserved it, but he is a sportsman in the best expression of that term, because his heart is in it. Bloodstock-breeding, racing, hunting, polo, cricket, coursing—he enjoys, or enjoyed, them all, for, unhappily, one of these pursuits may have to be spoken of in the past tense from henceforward. Lord Rosebery was always first-class at any ball game from his youth up, and I should not like to say off-hand how many caps he collected in Eton days, during which he was a distinguished Dry Bob; he was near-international class at polo, his weight, like Major Jack Harrison's, being his only real handicap; he was a front-rank heavy-weight to hounds, one of the three best in all England, so I have always thought, and, as we have just seen yet once again, a man with an instinct for breeding the principal thing of which our bloodstock industry most stands in need, a true stayer. I opine that winning both the Derby and the Jockey Club Cup with one of his own breeding is not the full tale of Lord Rosebery's satisfaction, but that his chiefest joy is the establishment of Blue Peter as the begetter of long-distance voyagers. There were, as we know, some doubts expressed about Blue Peter, just because he has The Tetrarch in the third row of his pedigree. Prejudice dies very hard, even when opposed by hard fact. There is absolutely no doubt that, if there had been a Leger in 1939, Blue Peter must have added it to his Two Thousand and Derby successes, but the opening of the war which no one could possibly imagine was going to be "phoney" for the best part of a year, caused the owner of that good colt, and some other owners also, to retire their horses to the stud forthwith. It was the only thing to do, but even so it was no guarantee of safety, for we were wide open to aerial attack, if not, indeed, to something worse. Because it never came, poor Mr. Neville Chamberlain was derided for having said "Hitler has missed the bus!"



D. R. Stuart

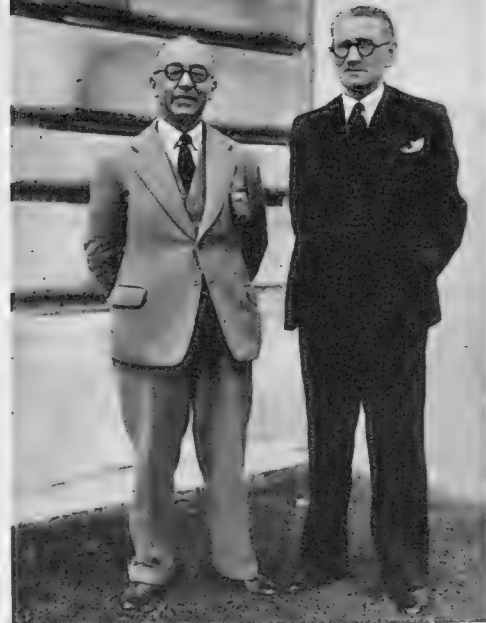
Secretary and Chairman

Mr. C. B. Jones and Mr. D. Ivor Saunders, secretary and chairman of the South Wales Football Club, have now raised £12,255 for war charities. They are seen at the R.A.F. v. South Wales match at Swansea

This was as literally true then as it was after Dunkirk. The dog snapped at the shadow and missed the bone.

Analysis

AND NOW, how are we to square Ocean Swell's storming win over the 2½-miles Jockey Club Cup distance with his defeat in the Leger, 1 mile 6 furlongs 150 yards, run at a cracking pace all the way, just the kind of battle to suit



Rugby Match Spectators

Col. G. Aeron Thomas, Deputy Lieutenant of Glamorgan and former Cambridge athlete, was with Sir Lewis Jones, M.P. for West Swansea, at the Rugger match when the R.A.F. beat South Wales by 22 points to 3

a real, rock-bottom stayer? I think it is rather a poser, and if anyone, particularly any of the chaps who write to me quite often from seats bang in the fire, has any ideas, even though, worse luck, they have not seen these races, it would be of great interest to hear what they are. I leave the Derby out, for any first-class horse ought to have been able to set the grass on fire over six furlongs after cantering for six; but the Leger was different. Tehran won quite comfortably, and had no difficulty at all in shaking off a very determined challenge by Borealis as they hit the hill—only a very gradual rise not very far away from the winning-post. About half a mile, or perhaps a bit less, from home, Ocean Swell began a serious pursuit of the leader (Orestes), and later of Tehran, who almost at once took command. This colt, Borealis and Ocean Swell at that point looked to hold equal chances. Tehran's cutting 'em down and hanging 'em up to dry tactics had not then succeeded, so far as his two most dangerous opponents were concerned. He still carried on the squeezing process, and his jockey seemed absolutely confident that he could smash up any attacks, however ferocious. None came from Ocean Swell, who seemed unable to pull out that dash which we saw in the Jockey Club Cup; but Borealis went in bald-headed

(Concluded on page 116)



The R.A.F. Rugby Selection Committee and Four R.A.F. Players

Here are members of the selection committee for R.A.F. teams: Air-Cdre. K. C. B. Cross, F/Lt. A. D. G. Matthews, Air Marshal Sir Grahame Donald, W/Cdr. C. H. Gadney, Air-Cdre. G. R. Beamish, G/Capt. Rev. A. McHardy



D. R. Stuart

Playing in the R.A.F. XV, who had a fine victory over South Wales at Swansea were W. T. Reynolds (Bristol), H. B. Toft (captain, Waterloo), R. J. Longland (Northampton) and J. Mycock (Harlequins)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

at Tehran and looked to be level, if not a bit better: then Gordon Richards shook up Tehran—and that was that; verdict, one and a half, one, and there was no dawdling for a single yard of the way. Next chapter: Ocean Swell puts in the most astounding dash at the end of 2½ miles, going past Historic as if he were a tent-pole stuck in the mud, and winning by three lengths cantering. I am fairly certain that he would not have blown snuff off a sixpence when he was being unsaddled. There was no fluke or luck about this win, for Historic had just previously collected a good 2-mile race at Ascot with 3 lb. more on his back than he had in the Jockey Club Cup. I do not believe that the oldest Newmarketeer has ever seen anything to beat Ocean Swell's hurricane onslaught.

And So!

WHAT a grand prospect for next year's Gold Cup! Tehran is not retiring, neither are Ocean Swell, Borealis, Hycilla, Abbots Fell nor Rockefeller, upon whose opening of his account we must congratulate the owner, for bad luck has dogged this colt's footsteps all through the season. I have always believed that he is a good one, and I am certain that



Officers of a R.A.F. Unit in India

Front row: F/O. G. H. Johns, F/Lt. K. B. Jeyes, F/O. A. Ahmen. Middle row: F/Lt. J. W. P. Boyd, S/Ldr. D. A. de S. Young-James (C.O.), P/O. L. W. Haydon. Back row: F/Lt. P. Legat (M.O.), P/O. W. Moffatt, F/O. J. Brown

we shall see this fact demonstrated. His trainer, my old pal Oswald Marmaduke, will have a grand hand to play in the Gold Cup with this one and Abbots Fell, who undoubtedly will stay. These, then, are the stars who will be cast for the leading parts, and the gallant Orestes and that little "Captain Kettle," Fair Glint, never dismayed and always fighting on, might join the party. On this Jockey Club Cup form, of course, we all ought to take a price about Ocean Swell if we can get it. On the other hand, it is a very long way ahead, and in between whiles there are one or two bits and pieces to clean up in the Big Steeplechase over the way. Purely a personal rumination is that I am certain that Hycilla can get much more than 1½ miles, and that there was no mistake about her Leger home gallop. Disappointed, of course; so were hundreds of others, and full of perplexity also, but it is certain that she is a good one, and it is of no consequence whether the Equine Debrett says rude things about her mama. There looks to me to be the material for the mother and father of a grand scrap in next year's Gold Cup.

The Dewhurst

ANYTHING that anyone might say about the two-year-olds' "Leger" might be misleading, because, in the absence of any real clue, how can we know whether any of the placed ones have any pretensions to be in the



Five Invasion N.O.s: by Commander Tom S. Lee, R.N.

Here are some of the officers of one of H.M. ships which took a big part in the successful combined operations in Normandy. Capt. Kershaw is well remembered as the Navy and England Rugger player and fencer. He is also, as has been recently proved, a very good team selector

same class as Dante, the Tornadic colt, Court Martial and, in my view more especially, Sun Stream? I see it argued that because Paper Weight had Blue Water unplaced behind him in this Dewhurst contest, he cannot be much behind Dante. In my humble submission, this is a *non sequitur*. Because Blue Water ran a poor third to Dante and Tornadic colt over 6 furlongs, this cannot make Paper Weight the equal of Dante. In the Middle Park, Dante won very easily by two lengths, three between second and third. Put five lengths into pounds and then see how it looks, bearing in mind that Dante could have made the two lengths four if he had been asked. In the Dewhurst, Blue Water was eased when pursuit was only too obviously quite fruitless; but take in all the facts and see how you can work out that the Dewhurst winner is in the same class as the winner of the Middle Park. Dante may not

win the Derby, but if I were Mr. Unhoo I should be very chary about opening my shoulders where his chance in the Two Thousand 1945 is concerned.

Vive la France!

WE have got to hand it to our French comrades, for, holding a steeplechase meeting at Auteuil, almost before they have swept the last Hun out of the city of Paris. I think it is a wonderful performance, even though it may only be a gesture of defiance, and akin to placing the French thumb to the French nose and extending the French fingers! Anyway, whatever it was, they are due our felicitations upon their grand courage, for a good many people know exactly what they have been through. We ourselves may not have had exactly a bed of roses, but we have not had the blight of a German occupation. Vive la France!



Lady Warmington and Lt. Peter Howes, D.S.C., R.N.

Lady Warmington, wife of Cdr. Sir Marshall Warmington, Bt., R.N., is seen with her brother, Lt. Peter Howes, who has had a distinguished career in M.G.B.s, being decorated with the D.S.C. and mentioned in despatches. They are the son and daughter of Mrs. Heseltine, wife of the late Col. C. Heseltine, of Brambridge Park

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

The C.O. and W.R.N.S. Officers at a Northern Air Station

Front row: 3rd/O. M. Fawbert, 1st/O. M. R. Burroughes, Cdr. (A) E. Graham-Johnstone, D.S.C., R.N.V.R. (C.O.), 2nd/O. W. M. Gardiner, 3rd/O. R. M. Dean. Back row: 3rd/Os. N. Hay-Walker, E. P. Slater, O. A. Whitaker, J. Brakenbridge



T. M. Spurge

Officers of a City of London Battalion, Home Guard

Sitting: Lt. H. Bundock, Capt. S. Tomlin, Major A. Kearey, D.C.M., Capt. F. Smith, Lt. J. Hill. Standing: 2nd Lt. L. Brown, Lts. F. Earle, A. Pastorelli, F. Laws, H. Gorsuch, 2nd Lt. E. Adams



D. R. Stuart

Officers at a Northern Naval Air Station

Sitting: Lt. (A) D. Grant, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (A) H. J. Gibbs, R.C.N.V.R., 3rd/O. E. P. Slater, W.R.N.S. Standing: Sub-Lts. (Sp) B. J. Carver, R.N.V.R., (Sp) A. W. Taylor, R.N.V.R., (A) F. G. Sheppard, R.N.V.R.



Fred Ash

An M.T.C. Company at a North-West Port

Front row: Cadet Offs. M. E. Barkby, M. E. Jones, Sect. Cadet Off. W. Dixon, Coy. Cadet Off. Mrs. F. Hunt, T/Ensign Mrs. Rawdon Smith, Lt. Miss Rhodes, Ensign Mrs. Heywood-Jones; Sect. Cadet Off. W. E. Atkinson, Cadet Off. A. M. Lomax, Driver E. N. Dewhurst, Cadet Off. Macfarlane, Driver M. Miller. Second row: Drivers A. Johnson, P. Rostron, J. Hindle, M. Sheppard, L. M. Fazackerley, E. Hawks, F. Batty, M. E. Taylor, E. Stevens, R. Wood, H. M. Pritchard, J. Bateson, M. G. White. Third row: Drivers M. Royle, D. Lockhart, E. J. Evans, H. Clarke, H. M. Chubb, F. Neville Lake, L. Thal, J. Bell, M. Roberts, R. Todd, A. Shone, L. L. R. Flinn. Back row: Drivers M. E. Williams, M. G. Hodgson, S. Terry, M. D. Hargreaves, J. McKibbin, O. Plender, E. H. Crowe



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Royal Naval Air Station

Front row: Lts. (A) H. G. K. Bramah, R.N., (A) L. J. Kiggell, D.S.C., R.N., Commander (A) J. B. Wilson, R.N., Capt. W. P. McCarthy, R.N. (C.O.), Lt./Cdr. (A) K. Garston-Jones, R.N.V.R., Lts. A. G. T. Brown, R.N., (A) C. A. Page, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Lts. (A) W. H. J. Luck, R.N.V.R., (Sp) F. C. Hayhurst, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lts. (A) J. A. Pritchard, R.N.V.R., (A) F. G. Oatten, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) B. F. Bainsmith, R.N.V.R. Back row: Sub-Lts. (A) S. R. Durdin, R.N.V.R., (A) G. V. Cooper, R.N.V.R., (Sp) A. Parker, R.N.V.R.



Officers of an Infantry Brigade Headquarters

Sitting: Capts. R. G. Henderson, A. J. Watt, M.B.E., Major B. C. A. Napier, M.C., the Commanding Officer, Capts. I. W. Millar, M.C., J. W. Ritchie, M.C., M. C. Wright. Standing: Lts. I. Meldrum, P. L. De Fontnouvelle, Capts. A. M. Morrison, M.B.E., J. N. Pargeter, Lt. A. Nicholls, Capt. N. F. Stepto, Lts. J. R. Beatty, M.C., R. M. Hounam, Capt. the Rev. G. W. Conlon

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Air-mindedness

BRITAIN IN THE AIR," by Nigel Tangye (Britain in Pictures Series, Collins; 4s. 6d.), is of evident interest, as dealing with British flying. It has also a rarer, and inner, subject: the history of British air-mindedness. It is surprising to realise (given the last five years) that in this our development has been slow. Out to conquer the high seas, the Britisher excluded the skies from his aspirations. Icarus chiefly gave point to a moral tale: this was a Greek who had come to a bad end.

In England [says Wing-Commander Tangye], one of the earliest recorded attempts to fly was made by King Bladud, reputed founder of Bath, in the middle of the ninth century. "Recorded" is perhaps too precise a word, for the tale of the king's attempt to fly and resulting death is legendary. But it has its importance in that he was a patron of the arts of magic and of necromancy, and right up to the beginning of the sixteenth century any man who interested himself in flying was liable to be called a necromancer. . . . All flying pioneers seem to have been doomed to be handicapped in their efforts by official indifference or active hostility, and the Church's antagonism in the pre-Renaissance period was but a foretaste of Government disregard that has been so very apparent in our own century. The contempt in which the courageous efforts of Bladud, of Oliver Malmesbury in the eleventh century, and of John Damian in the beginning of the sixteenth, were held, is seen to have been but a forerunner of what was to come. It was John Damian who endeavoured to overtake an embassy recently despatched to France by James IV. of Scotland by flying from Stirling Castle. Needless to say, he got no further than the foot of the castle wall. History does not relate whether James IV. could claim to be the first enlightened sovereign to subsidise an aviation exploit by royal patronage, or whether the attempt was a private venture.

The eighteenth century, our Age of Reason, had presciences (if uneasy) of things to come. Gray's *Luna Habitabilis* (1731) contains this verse:

The time will come when
thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn
battle in the skies,
While aged peasants, too
amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleets
of wond'rous birds.

Britain, continued the prophet-poet, would "reign, the sovereign of the conquered air." Doctor Johnson, however, foresaw aerial warfare from an angle of frank alarm—"What," he asked, "would be the security of the good if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the air?"—and Addison gave it as his considered opinion that flying would make for immortality. . . . One of the illustrations to this book, an early nineteenth-century French print, shows how near Doctor Johnson's fears

came to being realised during the Napoleonic wars: we see a projected airborne invasion of England, sky dark with balloons and parachutes, and the British fleeing for shelters, complete with horses and carts.

The Short View

YES, our prevailing attitude towards flying, for a regrettably long time, was "Leave that to the foreigner." And the foreigners, with a good start—Da Vinci's designs for a helicopter had been more or less complete, and shows little flaw to-day—were quickly forging ahead. Montgolfier's balloon, with the aeronaut De Rozier, rose (captive) out of a Paris garden in 1783, to remain in the air for 4½ minutes; and a month later, still with De Rozier, made its first free flight, of 5½ miles. The first balloon ascent from (or over) England was to take place in the following year—but Lunardi, who undertook it, was "a gentleman of obscure nationality." The first cross-Channel flight—which, Wing-Commander Tangye points out, preceded Bleriot's better-known exploit by 125 years—was made, in 1785, by Blanchard (French) and Jeffries (American). The ballooning height record, however, was to be Britain's: in 1862 Coxwell and Glaisher, two scientists, rose to 37,000 ft. "Their feat ranks side by side with the greatest British voyages of exploration."

Britain's slowness to begin to invade the



Beverley Nichols has written an account of his tour of India under the title "Verdict on India." The book was published early this month by Jonathan Cape. The frankness of speeches made by Mr. Nichols while in India created a furore, and he was for many months the target for all the concentrated bitterness of the "Quit India" movement; he was even threatened with lynching. The slogan, "Go back to Britain, Beverley," first used by the Bombay Press, became a national by-line

air was due, demonstrably, not to lack of courage but lack of vision—or, rather, lack of support for visionaries. Our first great pioneers

in flying remained isolated from their own generations. The balloon as a marvel soon exhausted itself; its limitations began to bore bolder minds, which travelled far beyond it towards air-navigation—"controlled flight from one defined space to another." Now, it was a British squire, Sir George Cayley (1773-1857), who, throughout his lifetime, devoted his energies towards the attainment of controlled flight. Cayley's gliders were an advance on anything the world had seen; and his work could have gone still further had he not been handicapped by lack of an engine: he revolved the idea of, but could not achieve, power. John Stringfellow, a Somerset lace-maker, took up where Cayley had had to leave off: in 1848 Stringfellow's power-driven model aeroplane left the ground. After this, however, experimentation, with much to show in advances, passed over, with Lilienthal, to Germany: between 1890 and 1896 Lilienthal evolved principles which the American Wright brothers were to take as the basis of their successful developments. But also a British naval officer, Percy Sinclair Pilcher, improved notably on the Lilienthal glider. Death, in 1899, ruled out Pilcher's project for what should have been a record-creating flight.

Catching Up

IF, at the start of this century, the more spectacular exploits in aviation lay with France, there
(Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

TO say of a man that he "doesn't suffer fools gladly" always

seems to confer upon him the halo of high intellectuality. I never quite know why. The fools may find him equally insufferable. So that squares everything between them. Besides, one man's "fool" may be another man's "genius." It all depends upon what each one of us considers a bore.

Speaking personally, I find nearly everybody a bore (not because they are foolish; they are probably much wiser in their own way than I am in mine) whose mind or body, singly or both, fail to excite the least interest. The kind of acquaintance, new or old, with whom you know that after the first gush is over, conversation between you will become merely a clutching at straws. One doesn't regard such people as fools, merely as a waste of time—easily sufferable when met casually in the street, but insufferable when they pop in for a nice, long, friendly chat. Some people, of course, can chatter away interminably all about nothing at all. The majority of women can! Conversation with them consists for the greater part in questions and answers, few of which you want to ask, and fewer still you wish to listen to. This is called being "friendly and sociable." Your ability to carry it on brightly until, metaphorically speaking, the clock strikes one is regarded as a great social asset. It can be performed anywhere, and is extremely popular as a means to escape silence, solitude and your own company.

Were I a canine, I suppose I should be regarded as a one-man dog. I can imagine nothing more mentally and spiritually, as well as physically, irksome than a closely-packed communal life. Everybody doing everything together

By Richard King

and never able to get away from tittle-tattle about themselves and each other.

I should, I am sure, go all murderous within a week. Most people are much nicer if you don't see too much of them—ourselves included. That is why mistresses have such an enormous advantage over wives, and "boy-friends" over husbands. There is something mentally and physically exciting about meeting loved ones now and then. It possesses the charm of a mild adventure. There is nothing adventurous in having them always about the house (except, of course, imaginatively—when they aren't actually there!). Morally it may be all wrong—but human nature isn't naturally moral. Maybe it would be less interesting if it were.

A prolonged conversation with an acquaintance, therefore, is like conversation with someone too, too familiar, but without the real affection which animates the familiar *au fond*. One is often thankful if their "dear mother" has been ill, because that is definitely a conversational straw which you can plait for at least ten minutes. It is all rather boring, but the vast majority of people only link up with each other that way. It is a very fragile link, but it holds the social world together. Such "links," alas! drive me to books, music, art, almost any kind of real interest; but that is not to say I am suffering from "fools." It only means that I am not interested in people. Not those I am obliged to talk to, anyway. I love those I love, but I simply endure those I merely know. I dare say I have earned the reputation of being a dull curmudgeon. But I don't care. Such a reputation gives one far more time to savour love, life, laughter and the enthralling subjects. One of the tragedies of life is always the enforced waste of it!

Photographs by
Harlip and Yvonne Gregory



The Hon. Mrs. Komierowski, whose marriage to Capt. Peter Komierowski, of Cracow, took place in August, is the only daughter of Lord Kilbracken and of Elizabeth Lady Kilbracken. She has spent two years training at Swanley Horticultural College



The Hon. Mrs. Agnew works in the War Cabinet offices. She is Lord and Lady Jessel's younger daughter, and married in 1934 Mr. Geoffrey Agnew, who is managing director of Thomas Agnew and Sons, the fine art dealers. They have two sons



Mrs. Godfrey Style, wife of Lt. G. W. Style, D.S.C., R.N., is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Caruth. Her husband, elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Rodney Style, was serving earlier in the war as Flag Lieutenant to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Forbes

Young Marrieds



Lady Margaret Dawnay, formerly Lady Margaret Boyle, was a February bride. She is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, and married Capt. Oliver Payan Dawnay, Coldstream Guards, son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Guy Dawnay, of Longparish House, Andover, Hants.



Mrs. R. Wake, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wynne Finch, of Voelas, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales, was married in July to Lt. Roger Wake, R.N., second son of Sir Hereward and Lady Wake. She is a granddaughter of Lady Mary Glyn



Mrs. G. V. Ralli, wife of the elder son of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, was formerly Miss Nora Forman. Her husband, Capt. Godfrey Victor Ralli, R.A., is serving abroad. They have a small daughter, Louise

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 106)

while looking for suitable landing-grounds for a British-South American service. Mrs. Critchley was, before her marriage in 1938, Miss Diana Fishwick, the famous golfer. Both she and her husband excel at the game, and they have won many mixed foursomes together, including the De la Chaume Cup five years running.

The Hon. Mrs. Clive Graham hurried along, hatless and looking very pretty, with her small daughter, Penelope, who is four. Mrs. Graham is the elder sister of the late Lord North, who was in the Navy, and died on active service when H.M.S. Neptune was lost in the Mediterranean in 1942. Her husband, who is now in the Army, was a well-known racing correspondent before the war, and recently he has had the good fortune to be stationed quite near Newmarket.

In Chelsea I met Mrs. Tommy Carthew, only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Towle, out shopping early; she has been working for the W.V.S. in London since the beginning of the war. Also in Chelsea early I saw Lady Viola Dundas off to her war work on a bike, very laden too, with a bag dangling from the handlebars and a large bicycle basket strapped on the back which was full. Lady Viola has a flat in one of the new blocks in Chelsea, where her sister, Lady Jean Christie, who is working at one of the Ministries, also lives, a few floors above her.

Repertory at the Haymarket

THE opening of the season of John Gielgud's repertory at the Haymarket Theatre marked a great theatre occasion—in fact, three great occasions, for on the three successive nights when *The Circle*, *Love for Love*



Handicrafts by the Wounded

Service men and women in Red Cross and St. John hospitals and convalescent homes held an exhibition of their handicraft work at the Donoughmore Club, Chesterfield Gardens. Above, Mrs. Lloyd Roberts, Col. Lang and Lady Suirdale are seen admiring one of the exhibits

and *Hamlet* were presented; a crowded and distinguished audience paid tribute to the man described by James Agate as "the head of the English stage."

At the first night of *The Circle*, Lady Colefax (who with John Fowles was responsible for the decor of the piece), Beatrice Lillie, and Zena Dare were in a box with Hugh Beaumont. Dorothy Dickson came with Robert Andrews, and the audience also included Lord and Lady Camrose, Robert Boothby, M.P., and Sir John and Lady Anderson.

The Gielgud family turned up in force for *Hamlet* on Friday. I saw John's mother and father, his brother, Val, his aunt, Mabel Terry-Lewis, and cousin, Phyllis Neilson-Terry. Lt. Jeremy Hutchinson, R.N.V.R., was on leave to see his wife, Peggy Ashcroft, play Ophelia, and his sister, Lady Rothschild, was also there. Mrs. Charles Sweeney, in a lovely black velvet dinner-dress, lent a touch of pre-war glamour to the occasion, and I noticed Diana Wynyard and her husband chatting to friends in the interval.

People who came to both plays were Sir Kenneth and Lady Clarke, Lady Cholmondeley, Mr. S. L. Behrman (the American playwright), Cecil Beaton, who brought his mother to *The Circle* and Lady Cunard to *Hamlet*, and Mrs. Calthrop, who was with Noel Coward. Mr. Coward's left arm was in a sling of decorative navy silk spotted with white and tied becomingly in a bow. Anxious enquirers were told that he had fallen off his bicycle on the way home from the "local" and broken his collar-bone.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

were Britons who investigated and planned. Wing-Commander Tangye lays particular emphasis on the early work of J. W. Dunne—later to become world-famous for his book, *An Experiment with Time*. British aviation in the modern sense may be said to have begun when, in 1908, A. V. Roe built his own aeroplane—but his vital experimental flights were far from well seen by the local police. And Roe's set-back "was symbolic of the antagonism, or indifference, destined to be displayed by officialdom towards flying enterprise for a long time to come."

Britain in the Air is a frank and combative book, revealing, and more concerned with argument than others in the Britain in Pictures Series. Successive British Governments' failures to subsidise and encourage British inventors, and, still more, to develop civil aviation after the last war, are criticised. Only the quick and all-pervading development of foreign airlines stirred us into any kind of activity; later, Imperial Airways were to show the disadvantages of the monopoly system, till the (as then seen) impertinent rivalry of the non-subsidised Hillman service provided the needed spur. . . . Much was owed, at a critical period, to the initiative and encouragement of Mr. Churchill; and Wing-Commander Tangye also has much to say on Britain's tremendous debt to Sir Sefton Brancker. And Sir Alan Cobham's is another landmark name. None the less, had British civil aviation progressed as it should have progressed between the two wars, we should, demonstrably, have been in a better position, with regard to factories and design, when this war was started. Our rapid catch-up with the time lag has been superb—but, as this writer points out, it should not have been necessary.

Haunted Ghost

THE word "extraordinary" is generally used in the derisive or condemnatory sense. But I wish to imply distinction and solid praise when I call Francis Askham's *The Heart Consumed* (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.) an extraordinary novel. Here we have the after-death existence of Robert Devenish, who died of a fall downstairs, in the 1840's, at the height of an unhappy, boyish passion for the false-hearted young governess who had taught him French. Obsession keeps Robert living, in all but body, for more than 200 years—for twice he is to meet the former Lily again. In the 1930's he has glimpses of her as Judith, the unhappy young wife of a ne'er-do-well; later, far on in what, for us, is still the future, she reappears as Amalia, the beautiful niece of Bellamus, Chancellor of the University whose great buildings tower around the once-Victorian square.

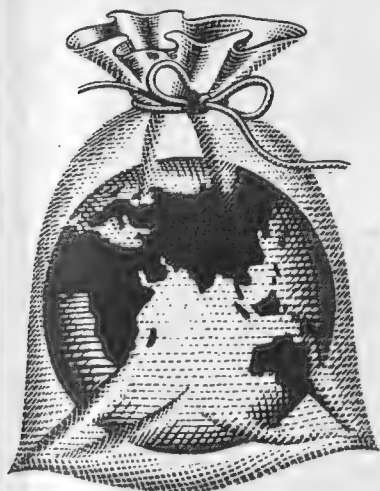
The Robert Devenish who haunts the square and Amalia, and who, in turn, is haunted by the injustice of love, is no longer the young impulsive who died at nineteen: to him has been added infinite disillusionment bred out of centuries of living. With lonely indifference he has beheld two world wars, the wiping-out of one London, the rise of another. He no longer marvels at anything. And, perhaps because we have it seen through the eyes of a weary and unsurprised ghost, the future is made to seem no stranger to us than the early-Victorian age with which the first chapters deal. Mr. Askham's future is intensely interesting in that it is non-material—I mean, he presents no picture of spectacular physical change; and forms of government, customs and ways of life do not greatly outwardly differ from those we know to-day. At the same time, this future of Mr. Askham's presents a terrifying extension of everything that we dislike to-day. Man has reached an almost total materialism—and Bellamus, projector of a still braver new world by means of breeding a special race, is the arch-materialist. Ghostly Robert and very fleshly Bellamus do battle for the destiny of Amalia. . . . This must all sound fantastic—but actually, the attractive thing about *The Heart Consumed* is that the characters, scenes and actions in it all seem true, probable and convincing. . . . I recommend to your notice this first novel by a writer of whom we should hear more.

West Highlands

LADYS MITCHELL'S *My Father Sleeps* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) is, if somewhat diffuse as a detective story, quite excellent as a picture of the West Highlands and of the Highland temperament. I pitied, I must say, the English bride Katherine, whose honeymoon resolves itself into a murderer-hunt in which poor Katherine is virtually ignored—indeed, her existence becomes so ghostly to Miss Mitchell herself that Katherine (on p. 133) is made to take part in a conversation on Skye when I could swear she had been left parked at Ballachulish, on Loch Leven. Ian Menzies, with the object of introducing his bride to his sister, Laura, becomes involved with the Bradley party—for Laura is now Mrs. "Crocodile" Bradley's secretary. The plot derives from a feud from the '45 days. In spite of one or two inconsistencies, *My Father Sleeps* is one of Miss Mitchell's best.

The Countryside

MALCOLM SAVILLE'S *Country Scrapbook for Boys and Girls* (National Magazine Company; 5s.) should be in the hands of all town-bred children—and perhaps in those of the ignorant country youngster too. Happy the child who roves the country with this companion—for here we have, in the most engaging form, and liberally illustrated by photographs, a guide to, and sometimes history of, English country life—the farm, the village and its institutions, animals, flowers, weather signs, birds and trees. Here, too, are selections from our country-loving poets, and a useful list of suggestions of books to read.



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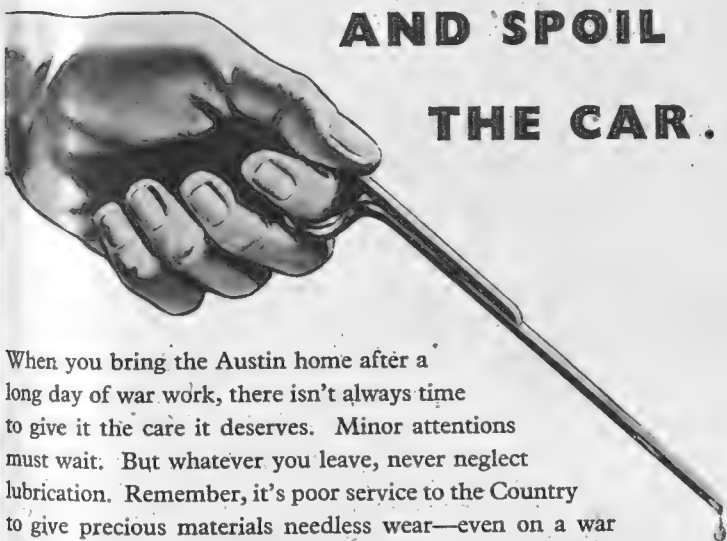
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WHEN an old South African native was told he had to be taxed because the Government, like a father, protected him from enemies, cared for him when he was sick, fed him when he was hungry, gave him an education and, for these reasons, needed money, the old native said:

"Yes, I understand. It is like this: I have a dog, and the dog is hungry. He comes to me and begs food."

"I say to him, 'My dear faithful dog, I see you are hungry. I am sorry for you. I shall give you meat.'"

"I then take a knife, cut off the dog's tail, give it to him and say: 'Here, my faithful dog, be nourished by this nice piece of meat.'" (Told by W. J. Turner.)

WHEN the film of Stanley and Livingstone was made some five years or so ago, over thirty actors were tested for the part of Livingstone. Even Stanley didn't have so much trouble in finding him.

IT was the Englishman's first visit north of the Border, and as he waited on the station platform for a connection he whiled away the time asking the porter a few questions.

"I suppose you have a provost in this town?" he asked.

"Aye," replied the porter.

"Does he have insignia like our mayors?"

"Does he have what?"

"Insignia. Well, for instance, does he wear a chain?"

"A chain!" exclaimed the porter in astonishment. "Na, na, he gans aboot loose. But dinna be feared o' him; he's quite harmless."



G. Denes

Major Henry Sherek is returning to theatre management after four years in the Rifle Brigade from which he has recently been invalided out. His first presentation is "Three Waltzes," a romantic play with music in which Evelyn Laye, Esmond Knight and Charles Goldner play the leading parts. "Three Waltzes" opened in Leeds on October 17 and is touring the leading provincial cities before coming to the West End early in the New Year

THE comedian was reviewing to an audience in the club on his recent country tour. Everywhere, according to him, he was a sensation. Even in the very toughest towns. Speaking of one small town he shook his head sadly, however.

"Now there," he observed, "was a tough audience. Really tough, I mean. Why, the act ahead of me was hissed off the stage. Yes, really. They just hissed and hissed until he had to get off!"

"It was Charlie Jones," he told them in a confidential whisper. "Poor old Charlie! He got it in the neck."

"How did you get on?" asked one of the listeners.

"Oh, fine," replied the comedian airily. "I went over with a bang. But the funniest thing happened. Right in the middle of my act they began to hiss Charlie again!"

IT was the annual football match between the customers of the two local pubs. The teams were lined up ready.

Then it was found that the referee hadn't turned up. After some discussion the players decided not to wait for him, but to invite an onlooker to do the job. One captain approached a likely-looking man.

"Look here, old man," he said, coaxingly, "our referee hasn't turned up. You know enough about football to referee, don't you?"

"Pardon me," replied the spectator, firmly, "I know enough about it not to."

A MERCHANT ship returning to Australia with a miscellaneous passenger list including a few German prisoners, was torpedoed and sunk. Ten survivors—two Germans, two Americans, two Australians, two Scots and two Englishmen—reached a small island populated by dusky natives.

Within two weeks the island was a hive of activity. The Germans were drilling the natives into an army, the Americans had opened a general store and motor agency, the Australians had started a dog-racing track, the two Scots were financing the whole crowd, and the two Englishmen were still hanging about waiting to be introduced.

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FOR THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Reference

To those of us who lived through the sticks and string era of aviation, the annual appearance of *Jane's All the World's Aircraft* is a feast day. For we can turn up our past numbers and compare some of the early machines with the latest models. There are then alternative reactions. We can laugh indulgently at the poor fumbling efforts of the early designers or we can sit back complacently and argue that the modern designer is not really much farther ahead than the pioneer.

Examples can be discovered in past and present *Jane's* to support both views. The old Sopwith Camel, for instance, still looks a clean aeroplane even when it is placed beside a Spitfire. Indeed some of the Spitfire Marks are messier than any Camel. On the other hand the Spitfire looks like streamlining itself when compared with certain unmentionable (but usually Fleet Air Arm) types some of us may remember. There seems to be, in aircraft, an eternal conflict, such as the programme music lovers love, between good and evil, or streamlining and excrescences. Sometimes the streamliners win as in the Mosquito; sometimes the excrescences, as in certain aircraft which are prominently displayed but which are better unnamed while the law of libel remains what it is.

News Monopoly

As I pored delightedly over this year's *Jane's* another thought occurred to me. I wondered for how much of the information Mr. Leonard Bridgman was beholden to Government departments. It is a point we should consider now, before the war ends. In aeronautical matters the Government departments have been getting a grip on the news which is going to be exceedingly hard to loosen. Mr. Bridgman, as one of the best informed people in British aviation, used to have no need to rely upon Government departments because he usually knew a great deal more about aircraft than did any official. But the officials have been having their innings. They have been exercising

their almost unbounded war-time powers to obtain a monopoly of news. They have been making things secret and keeping them secret at their discretion. They have been using their powers to break down the friendly association which used to exist between manufacturers and editors.

No manufacturer dares to give information to an editor nowadays if the ministry to which he looks for orders forbids it. In short, as I say, the Government has acquired a monopoly of news. I imagine that Mr. Bridgman, in *Jane's*, has been guided or restrained in the British section either by the Air Ministry or by the Ministry of Aircraft Production. I imagine that we are nowhere reading all that Mr. Bridgman would himself like to present to us, but only what these Government departments think is good to be presented to us. *Jane's* is in a position of its own. I suppose that even Government departments are a little frightened of it and do not dare to interfere with free statement so much as they do for the lesser publications. But it remains true that we ought to recognize how much news has got into the hands of the officials. When the war ends our first purpose should be to free the news, and especially the air news. No longer must we be restrained by some civil servant from printing the facts in so far as they can be ascertained.

These reflections were inspired by my scrutiny of this year's *Jane's*, but I admit that they do not take the reader much farther in knowing the details about the book. It is its usual fat and fruitful self, containing heaven knows how many pages (for it does not number them consecutively) and having a large number of fine illustrations. There is a preliminary article by Mr. J. M. Spaight and the editor contributes the Preface. It is the thirty-third year of issue and the section



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge Blues in the R.A.F.

S/Ldr. Jim Parsons, the England and the R.A.F.'s scrum half, and S/Ldr. Keith Geddes, D.F.C., are two of the ex-Cambridge Blues now serving in the R.A.F. S/Ldr. Geddes is the Scotland and R.A.F.'s full back

dealing with the world's air power is corrected to December 31, 1943. We shall, as usual, see this reference book freely drawn on (with and without acknowledgments) by the Press of the world during the coming year. Perhaps that is the greatest tribute that can be paid to it.

Parachutes

TOKYO radio the other day claimed with pride that no Japanese pilot ever wore a parachute. The same radio poured scorn on the Allied pilots who were "afraid" to go into combat unless they had a parachute and all the paraphernalia of rescue ready. This seems to me to be an illustration of how backward the Japanese are psychologically. I fought in the war of 1914-1918 without a parachute. The Germans had parachutes in that war, but neither the Royal Flying Corps nor the Royal Naval Air Service was given them. I do not think that I or my comrades gained

one iota by being deprived of an obvious and simple safety device. On the contrary the deprivation left me permanently biased against the British air authorities. They did not see then that they ought to give the pilots all the safety devices they could and by that failure they revealed their own shortcomings. I would say that a good fighting man will always fight better if he is given all possible aids to keeping alive. The "suicide squad" is an awkward squad just as much as it is suicidal. The bravest deeds are always done by those who see some way out. To get the most out of him you must give a man some hope of survival. So I do not think that the Tokyo radio suggests that the Japanese pilots are better than the Allied, or likely to fight more courageously. I think it suggests just the opposite. If in 1944 they go without parachutes, they are not heroes, but fools. And the fool is usually outwitted in battle.

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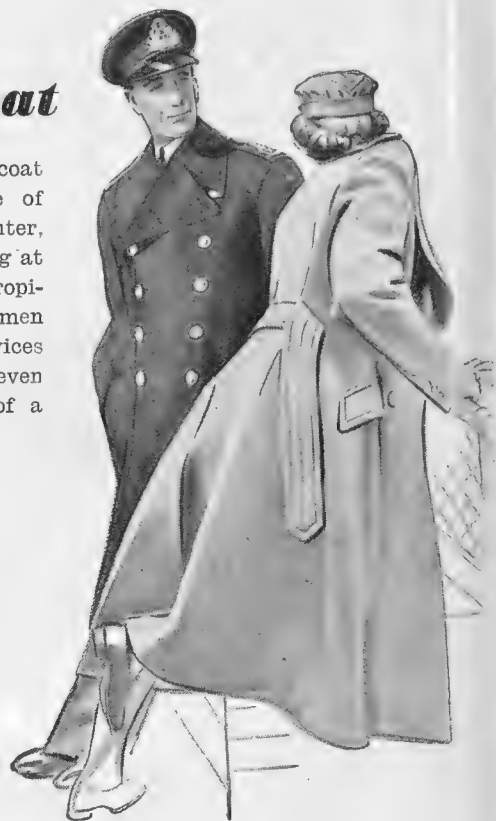
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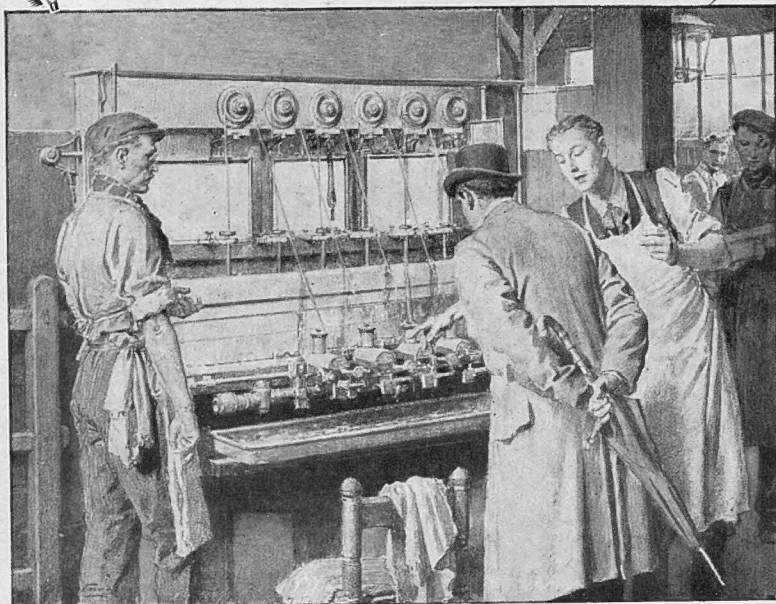
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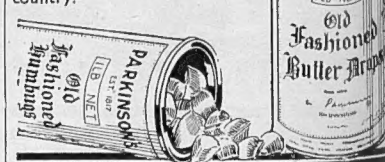
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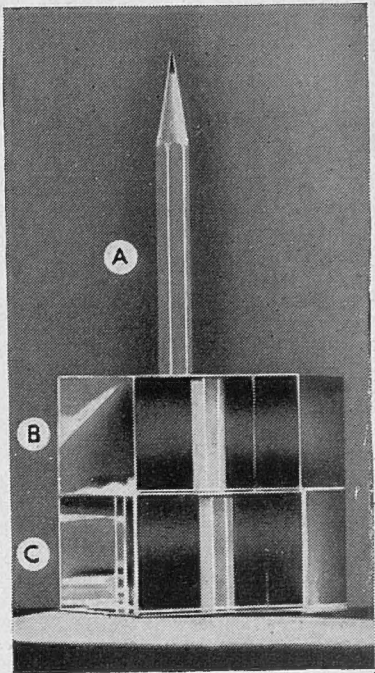
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